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LIFE AND LETTERS

WITH the inspired assistance of the Hon. H. F. W. Manners Sutton and the young man who discovered "The Yoke" for Mr. John Long, the process of re-uniting Christendom proceeds merrily. In other words, Messrs. Cope and Fenwick, that is to say, Messrs. Manners Sutton and Manning Foster, have produced No. 4 of The Re-Union Magazine. We have looked in vain through this magazine for a report of the proceedings at the Old Bailey in which Mr. Manners Sutton of The Re-Union Magazine is the prosecutor and Mr. Crosland of THE ACADEMY is the defendant, and though we read on various pages a great deal about the Invisible Church of Christ, the Ecclesiastical Position in Scotland, and the Deceased Wife's Sister Question, we find nothing that will help us towards a solution of that rather serious problem: "Where is Maggie Dupont?" We are quite prepared to admit that the editor and publishers of The Re-Union Magazine may be entirely unable to assist us in settling this question. We will not even go so far as to suggest that they could help us if they would; and we will admit further that the subject is one which, to a sensitive mind like that of Mr. Manning Foster, will not seem suitable for treatment in the columns of a religious journal. But the fact remains that The Re-Union Magazine is published by Cope and Fenwick, and that Mr. Manners Sutton is the Cope or senior partner of the concern. This much has been admitted in the public courts. And Mr. Manners Sutton's name has also figured along with several bishops in a list of the "supporters and contributors to" The Re-Union Magazine. The question arises: Do the numerous worthy bishops,

clergymen, and persons of piety who desire to see the Church of Christ re-united desire that the great work should be brought about under the ægis of Mr. Cope and his bosom friend, Mr. Bennett, of "Yoke" fame? To say the least, the association appears to us to be eminently unfortunate. Can any bishop bless it and approve it with a text?

Mr. William Archer would appear to be possessed of a considerable faculty for getting into hot water. It appears that England's one and only dramatic critic has been round to the Palace Theatre and seen sights which distress his rare and supersensitive spirit. Mr. Archer went to the Palace really to see "The Knife," which, if you please, he pronounces to be "a bare, brief, quite adroit presentment of a painful situation." But while Mr. Archer quite naturally approves more or less of "The Knife," he does not appear to have been at all favourably impressed by what we may term "the forks," in the shape of the Palace girls, and still less by the "apostle spoon;" in the shape of our dear old lively, naughty boy friend Miss Vesta Tilley. According to Mr. Archer, the Palace girls are a "polypod." We blush to say it, and we are amazed that such strong language can be used in a cocoa paper like the Nation without calling forth vigorous protests on the part of the suffragist males and females who do their best to spell out Mr. Massingham's dull sixpennyworth. And when we find Mr. Archer explaining that Miss Vesta Tilley's "work has certainly great neatness and finish," but that its "tone" is a matter for notes of exclamation, reason would appear to begin to rock seriously on her throne. To crown all, Mr. Archer has attacked that most pious and blameless of assemblages, the Palace Theatre audience-" an audience," he says, " to make one despair of civilisation-with its over-dressed (and under-dressed) women, its coarse-grained men, clapping their white-gloved hands at all the tedious, threadbare inanities." It would serve Mr. Archer and Mr. Massingham right if a few of the persons present in the stalls on the night of Mr. Archer's visit were to oblige the proprietors of the Nation with writs for libel.

No man in his senses, be he ever so particular, has any more compunction in taking his wife to the Palace Theatre than he has in taking her to Sir Herbert Tree's theatre or to Mr. Bourchier's theatre. When Mr. Archer honours the audiences of His Majesty's or the Garrick with his kind notice his disposition is to describe them as critical and cultivated people-"fair women and cultured men" would probably be Mr. Archer's phrase. Why should one's wife, who is a fair woman at His Majesty's, suddenly become an over-dressed or under-dressed woman at the Palace? And why should one's self, who is a cultivated gentleman at the Garrick, suddenly become a coarsegrained and, what is worse, white-gloved man by the simple process of buying a stall at the box-office of Mr. Butt's Theatre? The fact of the matter is that when Mr. Archer wrote about the Palace Theatre audience he wrote insincerely and without the exercise of his slow wits. If he had thought at all on the matter he would have perceived that in all probability he had before him on the night of his call at the Palace, not a Palace audience at all, but a Bourchier and a Henry Arthur Jones audience; and consequently an audience before which Mr. Archer ought to have sprawled rather than have made wry faces. Mr. Butt has already reproved our critic from Queensland in good set terms; and we need not therefore trouble ourselves to rub in the drubbing. But we do hope that Mr. Archer will take warning by what has happened and keep his eyes on his plate, as it were, for the future. The cocoa people do not pay Mr. Archer to criticise audiences, but to criticise plays. Let him confine his attention to his job.

We note with some alarm that while our friend had unpleasant things to say about the Palace show and the Palace audience the Palace music has entirely escaped his notice. Surely Mr. Fink's orchestra, not to say Mr. Fink himself, were worthy of some word of blame even if it were only a little one. Did not Mr. Archer find Mr. Fink's trick of waving his arms wildly when staccato passages are coming on a trifle distressing, and does he not agree with us that Mr. Fink would be striking a distinct blow for English music if, instead of going beautifully shaved, as is his habit, he were to grow a wild and woolly beard after the manner of Mr. Wood, of the Queen's Hall? Mr. Archer is really a great authority on music, quite as good an authority indeed as he is on Palace audiences. And the fact that he could find no blemish in the Palace orchestra must be taken as a great compliment to Mr. Fink and the rest of the people in the

We observe that Mr. Bottomley is making wild appeals for donkey-carts to assist him in his election at Hackney. It seems to us that the donkey-cart is exactly the species of hackney-carriage which will offer appropriate travelling to persons who are foolish enough to allow themselves to be carried to the poll for the purpose of voting for Mr. Horatio Bottomley.

"The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way;
And the greatest of all is John Bull."

This is Mr. Bottomley's motto. He puts it up unblushingly on the cover of his egregious journal; thereby week by week calling the British people an ass to its face. And if the British people at large are asses in the eye of Mr. Bottomley, it follows that in that same wonderful eye the electors of Hackney are also asses. Nobody wants to be represented in Parliament by a person of this flippant and zoological frame of mind. Hackney can do very well without Mr. Horatio Bottomley; and what is much more to the point, the House of Commons can do exceedingly well without him. Politically, he is neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring; but only little Bottomley. There is no intellect behind him, no force, no learning, no culture, no great ideal, no great principle. He has nothing to offer but claptrap, commonplaces, and Bottomley. The people of Hackney may be asses, but by this time they will doubtless have discovered that the carrot which Horatio dangles before their noses is a carrot of flannel and sawdust and of no savour in the chewing.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett is the author of a book called "The Forest Lovers." It is a book which brought him into a certain prominence and which has doubtless brought blushes to many a fair cheek. He is also the author of a bundle of verses which nobody off the staff of the Daily Chronicle is ever likely to mistake for poetry. We had always supposed, however, that Mr. Hewlett's shortcomings as poet and as fictionist were counterbalanced, or at any rate rendered excusable, by his attitude toward life, which his friends have been careful to explain is the attitude of the aristocrat. In Tuesday's Daily Chronicle, however, he took it upon himself to give the plain lie to his friends' claims. The dullest of the Liberal journals is scarcely the pulpit for an aristocrat poet and superior" novelist; but Mr. Hewlett finds it exactly the place for his views on the political situation. We are assured by the editor of the Chronicle that Mr. Hewlett is "the famous novelist," and "one of several distinguished writers who have boldly stepped into the arena at this great crisis." According to Mr. Robert Donald, who, by the way, is no judge, "the charm of Mr. Hewlett's literary style is not lost in the force and directness of this call to action." Mr. Hewlett's call to action is addressed to the working men of England. He begins as follows:-

Gentlemen,—As one of yourselves, gaining my livelihood by the work of my head and hand, but having, by training and the grace of God, a certain knack (very necessary in my business) of seeing things as they really are, I venture to address you in this crisis of affairs.

Now any man who can claim that he wrote "The Forest Lovers" or "Songs and Meditations" by the grace of God, or that being a fictionist he sees things as they are, is clearly past praying for.

It is the essence of the business of Mr. Hewlett to see things as they are not and as they "did not ought to be." He is compelled by necessity to write for the featherheads of the country in the shape of the matrons and virgins who flock to Mudie's for his wares, and who, as is well known, will stand no nonsense about things as they are even from Mr. Maurice Hewlett. So that his premise as to a knack of seeing things as they are may go by the And this is how Mr. Maurice Hewlett in his wonderful wisdom sees things as they are. "For close upon a thousand years," he says, "we have allowed ourselves to be governed by the privileged class. Absolute kings, absolute lords, absolute landowners and capitalists have been our masters, at first in spite of us, and latterly by our own indolence." Can this be a veiled attack upon The charm of it may be Mr. Hewlett's publishers? obvious to Mr. Robert Donald, but it appears to us to be the simplest and most sesquipedalian commonplace. Then it seems that Mr. Hewlett, poor man, as a husband and father of a family still wants what he has always wanted, namely and to wit, "more work, better wages, more and better houses." We have always understood that he lived in a house that formerly belonged to Mr. Macmillan. . What more does he want? He wants also "access to the land." Are there no cheap tickets at the railway companies' offices? He also wants his children "properly taught," and he wants "liberty of conscience."

The man who could write "The Forest Lovers" has got all the liberty of conscience that is good for any honest workman. Mr. Hewlett had better stick to his job of purveying seasonable novels for the reformed libraries.

It is not surprising that Mr. Balfour's solemn warning as to the German danger should have aroused feelings of the bitterest description in the patriotic breast of Mr. Lloyd George. The little Welshman, who fought so valiantly with his mouth for the Boers, at a time that Englishmen were bravely giving up their lives on South African battlefields in the cause of the Empire, is naturally most grievously perturbed at the possibility of the English people waking up to the real nature of the German nation. We can well understand this. In the event of Great Britain being conquered by a German army, it probably seems possible to Mr. George that the Kaiser would graciously appoint him Governor of the little home-ruling state of Wales. We do not suggest that any such bargain has as yet been struck between the Kaiser and Mr. George, but we do say that, unless some such profitable agreement is duly signed and sealed, Mr. George is being exceedingly badly paid for his invaluable services to the cause of German aggression. Naturally, Mr. George seeks to lull the people into a false feeling of security by discrediting Mr. Balfour's warning, by plaintively assuring his audiences that Germany is the very best and friendliest nation on earth, and by deliberately mis-stating the relative strengths of the German and English navies. Germany, according to Mr. George, is our bosom crony, a fair creature of honeyed designs and fragrant affections; Germany has no dream of battle, no desire for aggression. A war between Germany and England is impossible, yet in the face of these assurances, Mr. George in his next breath proudly announces that we are building ships, and will continue building. Clearly Mr. George cannot have it both ways.

If his first sequence of assurances contain any appreciable element of truth, the business of building warships is simply so much wanton waste of capital and labour, and if Mr. George were sincere in his expressed convictions he would openly advocate the immediate disposal of the English Navy in the best possible market. Incidentally, we congratulate the Daily Graphic on providing the British public with a very pretty picture of how Mr. George escaped from a Peckham crowd by means of a ladder and a garden wall. When Peckham returned a Unionist member to Parliament Mr. George and his friends did not scruple to describe Peckham as a constituency of drunkards. It seems that Peckham remembers this pleasantry, and consequently Mr. George is constrained to avoid the hearty greeting of Peckham's free and independent electors by means of a dark lantern, a garden wall, and a painter's ladder, which on such occasions is quite as efficacious a channel of escape as a fire escape proved for a certain deceased Irish politician. The characteristic little scene has been beautifully illuminated by the Daily Graphic's flashlight, and we can only hope so striking a picture will be widely circulated throughout the country during the present week.

A NIGHT PIECE

The moon is hid, but in her circular Cavern of greyish light, of any star The night is emptied and untenanted: No breach of silence-not the phantom tread Of leaves, nor their dark showers upon the breeze Dropt from the tossing fountains of the trees; The air is cold and moist and eager. Then, A token and a sign to mortal men, Out of the amber-margined cloud is thrown A ray, that shepherding to tree and stone Their silent shadow flocks, fingers the sea And recreates with its large alchemy Out of the yielding dark, the earth, and spills Large lights and lovely shadows on the hills, And shapes the intricate fields, the branched trees-Pale sea-groves slowly stirring in pale seas In heavy peacefulness; the brook that gropes Among its sedges down the ashy slopes, The stubble, radiant as a lake, the down, And half the ignorant valley and dull town With touches of bold light. Then the winds drew The mother of Hersé, mother of the dew, The full-breasted and lively moon that shakes From her smooth sides the clouds in yielding flakes Clear from her sightless cave. Before her station The East is cloven, the ignorant shadow breaks In stillness, and in open revelation.

M. JOURDAIN.

THE MAN AND THE STATESMAN

ONCE again Mr. Balfour has justified his claim to be considered the one great English statesman of our day. During the past few weeks many timorous and excited voices have been crying aloud through the country for a great leader and a great statesman. It is a peculiarity of our half-educated era that such cries should be raised, that the people should cry for what they already possess. The leader is here; the statesman is here. In Mr. Balfour the country possesses a man who has every right to be

judged on a plane of statesmanship with such administrators of British destinies as William Pitt, Beaconsfield, and the late Lord Salisbury. Reared in the shadow of administrative wisdom, born in the tradition of legislative duty, Mr. Balfour from the outset of his career has been a statesman rather than a politician. To-day, at a period in our history when the most notorious of our professional politicians have descended to the lowest depths of demagogy, he stands isolated above the heads of friends and foes, a figure of splendid purpose and serene understanding. The remarkable speech which he delivered at Hanley during the week is evidence enough of this, if we had no testifying record of his past actions. In breadth of outlook, in patriotism, in its selection and collocation of facts, in its weighty matter and perfect manner, this speech is above and beyond anything that we have heard hitherto from either side in the great constitutional struggle now harassing the country.

And it is significant to notice how quietly the speech has been received. Only a little time ago we should have found partisan criticism voiced in the most violent and boisterous fashion. Extreme Protectionists and Red Flag Radicals would have vied with one another in a spirit of friendly rivalry as to who should adopt the most bullying manner and shout through the strongest megaphone in demanding from Mr. Balfour a clear, explicit, run-while-you-read statement of his policy, aims, intentions, and personal convictions. The bluster of that stormy period has evaporated. For the second time in his career, Mr. Balfour has demonstrated to the political world that he is a man who cannot be bullied. He understands coercion, and is not to be coerced. Years ago, long before the silver had frosted his hair, Mr. Balfour conclusively demonstrated this fact when he was Chief Secretary for Ireland. Those were the Fenian times, and Mr. Balfour, harassed by the internecine strife that raged so wildly in the country which it was his duty to administrate, found himself faced in the House of Commons by a solid Irish party, weighty in numbers, forceful in intellect, and unwavering in hostility. There has never been such an Irish party since. They were led and inspired by a genius in political warfare, and they were exhilarated by a succession of political victories. They had broken the hearts of two Chief Secretaries-men of leading and reputation. From such successes it may well be imagined that they turned half-contemptuously to the task of demolishing Mr. Balfour-a politician so frail in external parts and so delicate in his habit of thought. What resulted is common history. Mr. Balfour stamped out disorder and outrage in Ireland, and he showed the Irish party that he was a person whom they could not hector or cajole from the path of action he had marked for himself.

In politics, short memories are as general as they frequently are useful, but it is difficult to understand how such a lesson as this could be forgotten in a generation. That it was forgotten, however, is certain. No sooner had Mr. Chamberlain entered upon his Tariff Reform campaign than hosts of friends and foes rose up with the intention of forcing Mr. Balfour out of his individual methods of procedure. Words were to be thrust into his throat. Opinions were to be extracted from him, if necessary by the aid of a corkscrew. Again the result of all these endeavours is a matter of common knowledge. The Irish lesson was re-taught. For the second time the political world learnt that Mr. Balfour could not be

bullied or driven. So the host of friends and foes who had risen up with the common purpose of forcing Mr. Balfour into a certain House of Opinion, which they had very thoughtfully established and furnished for his intellectual habitation, once more parted company. The friends fell into line behind Mr. Balfour and followed his leadership; the foes, in their discomfiture, had resource to the dictionary, and discovered four words which they have never since tired of attaching to Mr. Balfour and his methods. The four symbols of magic are well known to all; they are: "Equivocalness," "Obscurity," "Sophistry," and "Ambiguity." The truth is that Mr. Balfour's utterances are never ambiguous and obscure to persons of average intelligence and education. He is a man who appreciates the relative values of words, and is at pains neither to over-state his case nor underrate it. He has no wish to rouse the populace to noisy applause. His speeches stimulate sober reflection rather than emotional frenzy. He is more than a little remote in manner from the popular ideal of bluff and rugged "rough-and-ready" statesmanship. He has not the arts nor the inclination to play pander to the people's transient passions. So he stands a little aloof from the bustle in the market-place, and is regarded by some as a man of quiet pulses. He may be described as thinking for the people as well as feeling with them; and in these days of mob oratory, unbridled speech, and licensed demagogueism, no man could hold a more useful office.

The speech at Hanley has sounded the note of victory. It has lifted the present controversy well above the range of common abuse and vulgar vituperation. From first to last it was infused with the breath of high patriotic endeavour, and in dealing with the insistent danger of German aggression it sounded the gravest warning yet heard by a people slow to recognise impending peril. Discussing the growing contempt in which Great Britain is held in the German Empire, Mr. Balfour remarked:—

"So far has this depreciatory view of the virility and manhood of Great Britain gone, that I have known of Germans, not connected with the Government, but men of position and character, men engaged in great affairs, who, if you talk to them about the adoption of Tariff Reform by this country, actually have the audacity to say, 'Do you suppose we should ever allow Great Britain to adopt Tariff Reform?' I do not press private and irresponsible conversations more than they ought to be pressed, but the idea that any man of education and character outside this country should have the audacity to say that Great Britain is not to settle its own taxes according to its own ideas makes my blood boil. I believe that all these prophets will find themselves mistaken. No Continental country has ever been able to understand the temperament of the British people; but, while I give this note of warning to our foreign critics, let me say what is more to the point to my own friends here, between these four seas, that unless they bestir themselves Great Britain will be in a position of peril which it has not been in in the memory of their fathers, their grandfathers, or their great-grandfathers; and if that position of peril should issue in some great catastrophe-which may Heaven forbidit is a catastrophe from which, if it does once occur, this country will not easily rise.

"I do not believe there is going to be war between this country and any foreign Power. Heaven knows I do not desire it, and I do not believe it; only please remember that the only possible way in which you can secure that peace which you all desire is that you should be sure of victory if war takes place. It is necessary for us as a nation, not merely to be organised for war, but to be organised for peace, not only to be an armed nation while other nations are armed, but to have our industry, our productive capacity, organised while other nations are organising their industry and their productive capacity. Organisation, in other words, for peace is as important, or nearly as important, as adequate organisation for defence."

With these words alive in the minds of a sane electorate is it to be conceived that the people of this country will again permit the Nation's destinies to be shepherded by a Welsh crook into the wilderness of immediate discontent and ultimate disaster? We cannot credit such an outrageous hypothesis. We believe the people desire nothing better than constitutional Government, a strong Navy, an efficient Army, the restoration of commercial confidence, the parent's faith for every child in the schools, and protection of British labour and industry. The alternative policy may be simply defined as follows:—

Abolition of the Monarchy and House of Lords.

Payment of Members of Legislative and Administrative Bodies.

Repudiation of the National Debt.

Secular Education.

Free Maintenance of all attending State schools.

Nationalisation of the Land.

Legislative maximum 8-hour working-day, with minimum 30s. wage for all workers, men and women.

Public ownership and control of industry.

Public provision of work for the unemployed at not less than trades union rates of wages.

Free State Insurance against sickness and accident. Nationalisation of Railways, Docks, and Canals.

Public ownership and control of the food and coal supply.

If we have any knowledge of the temper of the British people, these are precisely the things that they not only do not desire but will most strenuously oppose. The bulk of the people is resolved in its mind as to its wants and wishes, and to achieve these ends we have only now to follow the clear strong lead of Mr. Balfour.

The country has its leader. The country will follow him. If we have eyes clear to see, a fixity of purpose and the light of faith, we shall march onward under his guidance to an immediate triumph over the forces of revolution, and to a settled period of prosperity and peaceful development. We have acknowledged his leadership and we must demonstrate the worth and significance of our acknowledgment by unswerving loyalty and unquestioning faith. It is not for the soldiery to interrogate the general, for from the uncertainty and tumult of questioning minds there can spring nothing but disaster, disunion and defeat. There is no time for criticism in the shock of battle; no time for question and answer, halting acceptance of orders or tardy recognition of purposes. How we have suffered from those things in the past is common knowledge, and it is to be hoped that we have learnt sufficient from the discomfitures experienced by Unionism at the hands of "friendly" critics and self-appointed commentators to know that nothing but fixed belief and ready obedience can carry us forward through the present crash of circumstances to a triumph that shall be lasting and comprehensive.

A LESSON-BOOK OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

"A concise English Grammar, rendered Easy to every Capacity. So that (without any other help) a person may acquire the knowledge of the English language. To perfect the learner there are many exercises of good and bad English annexed to every Rule of Syntax; also punctuation, and a help to reading, speaking, and composing; with many examples of composition, on interesting subjects, expressive of the true sublime; extracted from the best English authors, to which are added a short Compendium of logic and rhetoric, and a sketch of the Constitution of England. By Benjamin Rhodes. Printed by J. Belcher, 1795."

This dog-eared manual, with its shabby calf exterior and its discarded standards of decorum, was lately taken from its comfortable resting-place among the forgotten sermons and neglected belles lettres of a bygone day. The Sheraton bookcase in which it had so long reposed was wanted as a shrine for sundry precious volumes, a varied and distinguished company, ranging from black letter herbals down to the most choice production of the Strawberry Hall Press; so the tattered English Grammar had to be expelled to make way for its betters. On second thoughts, however, the owner of the library relented, for the humble little book proved on examination to have more attractions than he had anticipated; and now it may be seen in humble attendance on my Lord Chesterfield, to whose discreet philosophy it is indebted for a number of its precepts and examples. Chesterfield and Saint Chrysostom, Sheridan and Blair and Dr. Watts, the Rambler and the Spectator, all are pressed into the service; and the corner of a page is carefully turned down at Chesterfield on Good-Breeding: - "Good-Breeding is the result of much good-sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others," declares his lordship, at the beginning of a discourse upon the Graces oftener sneered at nowadays than quoted or put into practice, and the remainder of his observations are perhaps more worthy of attention than we are at present ready to believe. What manner of people were they (one asks) to whom Lord Chesterfield could be an oracle?

A name and date are scrawled in bold but childish writing on the fly-leaf of the lesson-book, the name of a little maiden destined to grow up beautiful and to have many suitors, but who at this time would still have been pricking her fingers over a sampler on which she stitched her alphabet and rows of numerals, and marvellous birds, and stags, and other animals impossible to classify. To be a dexterous needlewoman, to have a smattering of Italian and more than a smattering of French; to be read in the homilies of the old divines, to know the history of England's glories and to have a fair acquaintance with the principles and exploits of the heroes of ancient Greece and Rome; to be an accomplished housewife, and proficient in all rules of etiquette and deportment, to speak the English language accurately, "modestly" and "tastefully," to have a ready appreciation of the "true sublime,"

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1910 ?

O dear and fair and fierce,
Tigress-mother of ours,
Beautiful-browed, deep-thewed
Passionate Mother of ours.
Hearken. The drums of doom
Are beaten at the gate,
And it is meet that THOU,
Whose breasts are ice and steel,
Whose heart is all a fire,
Should show us frightened eyes,
And a cheek becomingly blenched;
So say the wise. . . . Let them say!

For when the thrones were made, Thine, the throne of the thrones, Was set in the yeasty seas: Built and bastioned and braced, A tower of brass, a rock, And adamant pyramid, A strength unshakable; And unto thy hands were given Power and dominion Wherever water is salt, Wherever a ship-boy sings, Wherever a ship may ride; So that the seas of the world, Though they be seventy times seven, Are English seas, and thine; Whether it be the harsh And bitter seas of the North,

Flurried by little winds,
And pushed by piping gales
Against the winking stars;
Or the still blue middle seas;
Or where the daffodil moon
Slips down an amethyst sky
To walk with silver feet
On the Southern, soft lagoons,
It is the English sea.

Who is this that waits By the weary Baltic shore, By the kneeling Baltic shore, With shrouded arm and hand, And a hand whereon there gleams A glove of hardened mail? Behind him stretch afar The pleasant, placid spas Fattened with English aches; And the doll's-eye factories, And the reek of the dumper's fires, And the pretty river Rhine, Which owes so much to Cook's, And rows, and rows, and rows Of flat-head soldier-men, And the works of Schichau and Krupp. And for a sign in the blue, The tender himmelblau, The good, grey Count's balloon!

Do ye know this singular Lord, This high and puissant Prince? He waits on his strip of strand, While the Flottenverein trains Disgorge our little Hans

To view the Kiel Canal

And the innocent Emden quays,

To sniff the unwonted brine

And smell the English blood;

What time the father of Hans,

The hog materialist,

Full of offal and beer,

Grins at the sausage-shop door

With his abdominal frau,

Feeling the point of a knife,

And babbling about "The Day."

Do ye know this singular Lord, This humorous, hearty Prince Whose cry is "Peace, Peace, Peace" Abroad, and at home "War, War"; Who preaches through the day With olive twigs in his hair, And rises in the night To work the secret forge; Who says "Why should we fight? " Prithee, why should we fight? "What cause have we to fight? " Are we not friends, please God, ' And CUSTOMERS? My glass Is raised to you and Peace: "Hoch hoch, hoch hoch, hoch hoch!" Who says again, "My arms "Must flourish on the Seas, " My arms and mine alone: "As for the One in my path,

"The One whom we all so love,

" By nineteen hundred and twelve

"I shall be ready for HER!!

"I have promised you your Day.

"Hoch hoch, hoch hoch, hoch hoch!"

It is nineteen hundred and ten And the seas are English seas. They will be English seas Till they shall give up Drake And the thousand English hearts Which have made rich the depths: Until they shall be rolled Together like a scroll They shall be English Seas. We sleep sound in our beds; We fear no fist of mail; We fear no withered arm. We are not afraid of Krupp, Nor yet of Blöhm and Voss; Even Churchill and George And a purchased "pacific" press Give us nor tremor nor qualm. We wish you the Devil's joy Of all you have hidden and built; It is nineteen hundred and ten. We have simple words for you: In the English history books There is EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIVE. We say to you, when you pray, Pray that we may not write In the English history books With beautiful German blood NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN.

T. W. H. C.

(Continued from page 31.)

in poetry or prose, to maintain an attitude of veneration towards the British Constitution—such were the attainments required of our great-grandmothers in

"That past Georgian day
When men were less inclined to say
That time is gold, and overlay
With toil their pleasure."

Idling over this Compendium of Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, and the Graces, one is transported from our eager, restless age, into the days of minuets and buckled shoes, stage coaches, hair-powder, and highway-robbery. Hair-powder, indeed, was going out of fashion, but the father of the child to whom the grammar-book belonged did not conform to modern usages; his toilettes—like his manners—were those of an earlier and more ceremonious generation, and his little daughter's chestnut hair was always dressed and curled and powdered every Sunday before she was allowed to set forth with her sire to church.

"Nothing more engages the affections of men" (says the task-book) "than a handsome address and graceful conversation," and "He that is truly polite knows how to contradict with respect and to please without adulation, and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance and a low familiarity." There are instructions how to read, to speak, and write, according to the Chesterfieldian standard, and one excellent rule is certainly deserving of remembrance (even though it may be a counsel of perfection), "A man can never talk well on a subject of which he is not entirely master." "The main secret of being sublime," adds the grammarian, "is to say great things in few and plain words. . . . I would have a Sublime so familiar, so sweet, and so simple, that at first every reader would be apt to think he could easily have hit on it himself; though very few are really capable of it." From the "true sublime" we pass on to the British Constitution, a knowledge of which, we are assured, is "absolutely necessary in a nation where all are politicians," and the tone in which the excellent author writes on this impressive topic is decorous in the extreme:-"The King, who is invested with the highest prerogative, has all the honours and all the splendour of majesty, and is only limited where power might become tyranny . . . By this means we reap all the advantages, without any of the evils, of a monarchical government."

The legislative system, trial by jury, the Established Church and its dignitaries, the two Houses of Parliament and their various duties, are all respectfully handled. "In every kingdom, and in every state, there are always persons distinguished by birth, riches, and honours: advantages which give them such a considerable weight in the government, that were they to be confounded with the multitude they would have no interest in supporting liberty. . . . The share they are therefore allowed in the legislature is in proportion to the interest they have in the state." "Their high prerogatives," adds our author, writing, be it remembered, at a time when on the other side of the Channel "persons of quality" had not long since been going daily to the guillotine, "render them subject to envy, and consequently their privileges must in a free state always be in danger."

The system of electing members for the Lower House, though eulogised in the main, calls forth this solemn

admonition:—"He who parts with his vote for a lucrative or selfish consideration is unworthy of the name of freeman, since he, as much as in his power, sells himself and his country, and can never have the least reason to complain if he should live to see this happy constitution overturned and our liberty and all our privileges destroyed."

These were the days when Bonaparte was the terror of Europe, when all the talk was of wars and rumours of wars, when men slept in churches to escape the pressgang, and when the gentry of the south-western shires of England kept their horses saddled all night in readiness for their wives and children to mount and fly the instant that the French should land. In such conditions it must have been more than ordinarily difficult for a precocious and imaginative child to keep her eyes cast down upon her book according to the accepted standard of infantile propriety. "God bless King George and all his men!" she or one of her companions has scribbled in the margin, and the loyal ejaculation recalls to us that her first love was to be one of those gallant officers destined to fall gloriously on the field of Waterloo. Trial and tribulation lay in wait for her; but in her childhood, despite alarms from France, despite pricked fingers, powdered hair, and rigorous up-bringing, she was a happy mortal; and some are still alive who can recall her stately presence in those after-times when years and sorrows had turned her chestnut curls to silver. She is a pleasant visitant for memory to evoke, recalling as she does conditions of life now passed away for ever-a mode of living gracious, dignified, and graceful; austere, perhaps, but with a polished, gentle, and serene austerity which we may well despair of emulating. And so for that sweet lady's sake, the shabby lesson-book in which she studied logic, grammar, rhetoric, and the "true sublime," still keeps its place upon the shelves of a fastidious book-lover. Some officious persons tell him that he should expel it, but others, more gifted with imagination, discern in it a certain charm-a charm which can only be compared to the subtle fragrance of those compounds of rose leaves, lavender, and orange flowers, which our ancestresses used to preserve, with sandalwood and spices, in jars of dainty Dresden or outlandish Eastern ware.

"Tyme flyeth awie," says the motto on the sundial, and in this strenuous and unrestful age Time flies with an increased velocity each day; all the more precious, therefore, are such trifling relics as can bring back to us the grace and fascination of the past.

M. B.

REVIEWS

DURING VACATION

Between College Terms. By C. L. MAYNARD. (Nisbet. 5s.)

THERE is always something disarming about the parerga of busy persons. Like Stevenson's Belgian bank-clerks, who "work all the day, but in the evenings, voyez-vous, we are serious" (in the pursuit of rowing), Miss Maynard is "serious" in her vacations, parentheses, and intervals. "The Term with its wider and deeper interests" is not described; the Vacation is. It is not surprising that one

of the greatest pleasures that is recorded is the "sense of solitude," or a day "when nothing whatever happened." Such days, such vacations, must have been most refreshing to the tired worker; they are not so attractive to the idle reader. The sub-title of one of the descriptive sketches, "A Day When Nothing Happened," describes them all. In brief, the writer tends to the chronicling of very small beer. This is especially noticeable on her bicycle tours. It really is not worth while to give us details about changes of clothing. "I put on my waterproof cape," she writes, "and found I was nearly choked with the heat; I took it off, and became very wet, and finally decided that it was rather too early in the day to get wet through, and wear it I must; even though I had to go more slowly." When Miss Maynard safely arrives at a cottage, she exclaims cryptically that "only the undergarments can be changed in circumstances like these," and an account of the drying of a sailor hat "that had been trimmed by one of the students with white muslin and black lace" is given in remorseless detail. "By hanging it upside down near the fire a complete cure was effected; first it dripped, then it steamed, then it strengthened, and next morning it stood up again as valiant as ever and quite ready to begin life again." What a chronicle! And Miss Maynard tells us that these essays are chosen from among "dozens of word-sketches." Would they not be better in a certain wallet, on Time's back? They certainly detract from the interest of the other papers which are not "descriptive." The account of "Girton's earliest years" is amusing, and it is curious in these days to read that in the seventies a girl was condemned "because she wore an ulster, which at that time was a rare and sporting garment, and confined to the sex which in grammars is designated as 'the more worthy.'" The "Address to the Girls at the Church Congress" is sensible, "The Farming Holiday" is pleasantly written, but the volume as a whole shows little trace of the "connecting thread that ties together the posy"; indeed, it is somewhat disconcerting to pass from meditations on the Passion to Miss Maynard's artless praise of her bicycle (which she calls her "iron steed," and "dear friend"); from the ethics of love to turnip-hoeing; or the oyster-beds of Arcachon.

PHILOSOPHY AND THE COSMOS

Matter, Spirit, and the Cosmos. By H. STANLEY REDGROVE, B.Sc. (Lond.), F.C.S. (Wm Rider and Son, Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. STANLEY REDGROVE'S little book is suggestive of the ultimate constituents of the Cosmos. In other words, it is a rationalistic interpretation of the Infinite Purpose of Life, and in this wise it may be said to destroy the materialistic views of infinite movement without will. Thus, he clearly exposes the materialistic fallacy which holds matter to be the positive as well as the negative basis of vital action; and although, in his treatment of the telepathic forces of life, he fails to supply us with a clear suggestion as to the real basis of personality, his arguments are convincing with respect to the whole or absolute purpose of the Cosmos. The book leads up to this final solution of the riddle:

Infinite Love, the final cause, demands an object of affection, Infinite Wisdom supplies the means, and Infinite Power brings into being that which Infinite Love desires.

Indeed, the book would suggest a complete solution if the Cosmos happened to be an Infinite Reality of Infinite Wisdom, Love, and Power. As it is, the Infinite Reality of Wisdom, Love, and Power does not appear to be infinite, but finite, to us, since there is an infinity of ignorance, hate, and conflict which causes a limit to them.

The source of this cosmic difference, so Mr. Redgrove tells us, is man, who, loving himself better than God, originates evil. But he seems to forget that man, as far as the cosmic differences of ignorance, hate, and conflict are concerned, happens to be finite-subject to death or annihilation. Therefore the most crucial part of the solution to the riddle remains unanswered, namely, the question how man, who is subject to death-that is, finitude-can, in an infinite sense, be held to be the original source of those infinite forms of evil which act in cosmic opposition to the infinite forms of good. Had Mr. Redgrove, for instance, given us any information as to the reason why man should be subject to death, and yet in spite of death be infinite, his work would have suggested a complete instead of a partial solution to the riddle. Is there, then, no complete or satisfactory solution to be found? If man is the original source of the infinite forms of evil which act in cosmic opposition to the infinite forms of good, he cannot then be finite-subject to death. Therefore, originally, he must be an infinite, that is, a divine, form of evil, which is cosmically opposed to the divine form of good-opposed to God. Again, as the infinite form of good has an infinite cosmic basis, and man has only a finite cosmic basis, the evil source of man's infinite opposition to God must be self. Self, then, is responsible for the ignorance, hatred, and conflict in the Cosmos, and not God. With this self basis of permanence, Mr. Redgrove's book becomes very valuable, since it exposes God's Heaven in contrast with man's Hell.

By Divers Paths. By A. MATHESON. (Gay and Hancock. 3s. 6d.)

THIS book is a kind of magnified calendar, the note-book of seven contributors. It is a very unpretending little work-"its aim is of the humblest; it asks only for odd moments," in which you may idly turn over meditations upon the snowdrop and crocus, the ways of a white cat, the marriage and the aspirations of the Brownings. What is surprising is the great similarity of tone and style among the seven "wayfarers" who make up the substance of the book. As to the subjects, one wonders why they are put together at all; or why they are entered under the heads of each month; they jostle together uncomfortably like the prose and verse in the illustrated magazines. The book is a salad, and with no salt nor savour about it. The editor and largest contributor, Miss Matheson, has a genuine love for nature, with an unfortunately banal manner of showing that love. Phrases such as "the poignant ecstasy of that heavenly aroma that breathes from the first unfolding leaves of the sweet poplar on a dewy morning, the supernal heart-strengthening incense of the pinewoods" remind one of the emphatic underlinings of a schoolgirl's letter.

FICTION

Hindupore. By S. M. MITRA. (Luzac. 6s.)

"HINDUPORE" is a book with good intentions, and in it Mr. Mitra gives us, in a more popular form, what he had already said in his articles upon Indian unrest in the Nineteenth Century. His motto is, "a friend's eye is a good looking-glass," but the reflection in Mr. Mitra's eye is not entirely complimentary. He speaks with great frankness of the occasional friction and misunderstandings between the two races, caused by the want of tact of officials, such as his Colonel Ironside (who tells a Rajput Prince that after shaking hands with a Hindu he always had a hot bath). However, Mr. Mitra, who holds to the idea of "government by gentlemen," explains Colonel Ironside's deficiencies by the fact that "his father was an army tailor who lent money to young officers at 150 per cent. interest"; and the portraits of other English officials in the book are flattering on the whole. The chapters on Pan-Hinduism and "Hindu-Japanese affinity" are suggestive as political forecasts. As "an Anglo-Indian romance," however, the book cannot be described as successsful. There is hardly a thread of plot; Lord Tara, "a young Irish member of Parliament, full of ardour and enlightened zeal for the welfare of the vast Indian Empire," which he is about to visit for the first time, meets on the voyage a Rajput Prince. His ideal of beauty has been since childhood the Indian girl in a picture in the Louvre—a scene from Chateaubriand's "Atala"—and it is not, therefore, surprising that he falls in love with the photograph of Kamala, the niece of the Rajput Prince. Kamala is a devout Hindu. "Her life was pure and simple. She rose before five to be able to bathe before After her bath she worshipped the sun, while she stood facing the east, with her tiny aristocratic hands folded, the two thumbs touching where her eyebrows met. Then she turned seven times the sacred basil plant, which was carefully kept in a silver pot with costly jade handles. . . . After her homage to the tulsi, Kamala handles. . . After her homage to the tulsi, Kamala turned her attention to the pet cow. She gave her tiny bunches of durba grass with her own hands, and wiped the cow's forehead with a piece of fine muslin. . . She also fed the tiny red ants that had an ant-hill on her side by the holy bel-tree." In spite of such simple tastes (and in spite of Mr. Mitra's reasonable contempt for Eurasians) Kamala becomes Lady Tara, "the first Indian Princess to take her place in the ranks of our nobility, and the first Indian Princess to condescend to come amongst us.' are afraid she will be out of place in "Tara's Hall." In spite of some errors the book, with its knowledge of English life and language, is a tour-de-force.

Garryowen. By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. (Fisher Unwin.

"GARRYOWEN" shows Mr. Stacpoole in a light vein, and the novel is pleasant light reading. Michael French is Irish of the Irish, "a straight-minded man, and the soul of honour in everything not appertaining to bill discounting." His affairs are in hopeless confusion, but he still believes in his luck, and his horse Garryowen, who is to pull the family fortunes out of the mire. Unfortunately there are difficulties in the way of running Garryowen for the City and Suburban; first, a debt of fifteen hundred pounds to a moneylender (who has Mr. French's house and live-stock as security), which becomes due a fortnight before the race; secondly, the fact that he would have to complete the training of Garryowen in a hostile country, the Ireland of to-day, "where petty ruffianism has been cultivated as a fine art," and where Black Larry, the blacksmith, has made an attempt to hamstring the horse. By the advice of the governess, Michael French vanishes, with all his establishment, including Garryowen, leaving no address. At Crowsnest, in Sussex, he lives on a pittance, while his servants economise the housekeeping money by daring and undetected poaching. All goes well until the first

of April, when Effie French surreptitiously posts an April Fool letter to her father's bitterest enemy in Ireland, his cousin Gireen. The rest of the book details the amusing and desperate attempts to sequestrate or silence Gireen, the evil genius of the book, and prevent his revealing French's address to the moneylender. Gireen escapes from solitary confinement in Essex (whither he is deported by an adventurous young sportsman in a motor-car); but the bailiff is corrupted, and Garryowen, as we expected, wins the race, and a handsome fortune for his owner. The description of life in the West of Ireland is sympathetic, but when the scene shifts to England, Mr. Stacpoole speaks with undue bitterness (even temper) of "the morals of the rabbit-hutch, which are the morals of English Society"—which is absurd.

Phileas Fox, Attorney. By ANNA T. SADLER. (The Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Indiana, U.S.A. 1dol. 50c.)

PHILEAS Fox is a "white-souled young attorney, fresh from the high ideals and religious atmosphere of his Alma Mater." When he first "commences lawyer," to use an old phrase, he finds that his name and his red hair arouse an undue amount of suspicion as to his character among his first clients. In spite of his name and rufous hair, however, he is entrusted with an interesting task, the reversal of previous decisions in the case of Martha Ann Spooner v. John Vorst—an event destined not only to have an effect upon his professional and financial prospects, but to influence his entire life. On most of the occasions when this suit had been brought into the Court his client, Martha Ann Spooner, had been victorious, but only by suppressing her knowledge of an important document which had been stolen by a clerk in John Vorst's service. In her old age, however, she repents, and authorises Fox, to whom she makes a full confession, to procure the reversal of these decisions. John Vorst, the other party in the famous case, who is the divorced husband of Martha Spooner, had disappeared, but Fox is able, by a little amateur detective work, to trace him, and husband and wife are reconciled at the last. Meanwhile, Fox, during his consultations with Martha Spooner, has fallen in love with Isabella Ventnor, a beautiful girl whom he believes to be her companion, but who is later discovered to be the niece of John Vorst, and a considerable heiress. With the consent of John Vorst, they are married; and Fox, on quitting his office, takes a last look at the folio containing the case of Spooner v. Vorst, and is filled with "a deep thankfulness, a wonder at his good fortune, or rather at the providential direction that had been given to his affairs." The story is slight, but agreeably written; and, what is more, written in English—a surprising quality in a novel the scene of which is laid in New York.

The Trader. By Cecil Ross-Johnson. (Duckworth and Co. 6s. net.)

Mr. Ross-Johnson's book is a tale of rough adventure told in rough language. The flotsam and jetsam of civilised humanity may lack the external polish of towns and cities, but they nevertheless possess those natural, if somewhat brutal and coarse, qualities, from which strong character, good or bad, is developed. There is no town-bred superficiality about the characters of Guy Carteret and company, and if their wild and dangerous life amidst the bloodthirsty natives of New Guinea lacks the refinement and gloss of more civilised surroundings, it is at least full of healthy vigour and honest struggle. The fate of poor Burdan, Carteret's partner in trade, gives rather a gloomy finish to what appeared at first to be a happy and lucrative speculation; yet it constituted one of those inevitable results to a daring enterprise, wherein life becomes a pure matter of chance. As it is, Carteret, who himself almost falls a victim to the barbarous treatment of Papuan savagery, leaves us to begin a fresh venture as a planter in the far-distant island of Ceylon. This time, however, he takes with him a wife, the true and high-souled

Marion Delwyn, a woman fit to be the help-mate and companion to a strong and honest, if rough, piece of humanity like Carteret. We wish we could have heard more about Marion Delwyn than Mr. Ross-Johnson tells us, for it is refreshing to come across such a type of womanhood after such a surfeit as we have had of the New Woman.

THE POETRY OF ROBERT BROWNING—II.

Browning's conception of the future life is not static but dynamic. We are not introduced to the tuneful amiability of a changeless Paradise, or to the glowing monotony of a less exalted region. The next world is essentially one of perpetual progress, with new hope for all failure, and redemptive punishment for sin. In the first three poems we see that the whole gain of the earthly life of the hero of "Pauline," of "Paracelsus," and of "Sordello" is just that consciousness of failure which is itself the assurance of redemption in the future life.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonised?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing,
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be
prized?

In the poem of "Paracelsus" we find the first of one great peculiarity of Browning; his fondness for finding in obscure persons an illustration of great truths or themes. From the "Parleyings with Certain Persons of Importance in Their Day," published 52 years after "Paracelsus," we perceive that the common characteristic of all these people is that they are of no importance in our day. His most brilliant work, "The Ring and the Book," centres round an Italian story of common crime in the seventeenth century. This is Carlyle's verdict on the work: "It is a wonderful book, one of the most wonderful poems ever written. I re-read it all through-all made out of an Old Bailey story that might have been told in ten lines, and only wants forgetting." Browning's study of political ambition is King Victor of Sardinia, of whom we are all in happy ignorance. The mouthpiece of his noblest convictions and aspirations is an obscure Jewish Rabbi called Ben Ezra, and he expresses the perfect soul of music in the meditations of Abt Vogler and Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha. It is, however, with real insight into the spirit of mediæval science that one makes the great mystic the illustration of unbounded trust in the human intellect. It is very remarkable that a young man of 23 should see the aspirations and limitations of youth so fully, the splendid self-confidence, the unlimited thirst for knowledge, the proud desire to serve humanity, and be independent of its answering service.

Be sure that God
Ne'er dooms to waste the strength He deigns impart!
Ask the gier-eagle why she stoops at once
Into the vast and unexplored abyss,
What full-grown power informs her from the first,
Why she not marvels, strenuously beating
The silent boundless region of the sky!

Take again these lines, which were the watchword of General Gordon:-

I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
I ask not: but unless God send His hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In His good time!

Then in his last speech we find him giving the reason for his acknowledged failure.

In my own heart love had not been made wise To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind, To know even hate is but a mark of love's, To see a good in evil, and a hope
In ill-success; to sympathise, be proud
Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, dim
Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
Their prejudice and fears and cares and doubts,
Which all touch upon nobleness; despite
Their error, all tend upwardly though weak,
Like plants in mines, which never saw the sun,
But dream of him and guess where he may be,
And do their best to climb and get to him.

At the last he dies in hope.

Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time. I press God's lamp
Close to my breast: its splendour soon or late
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day.

"Paracelsus" is full of the splendid extravagance and magnificent unrestraint of youth. The flowing freedom of the language is very different from the clotted concentration of "Sordello," published in 1840, five years afterwards. The change is partly to be ascribed to a passage in a letter of Caroline Fox, which a friend had shown to Browning. She states in this letter that an acquaintance of hers, John Sterling, had been repelled by the verbosity of "Paracelsus." "Doth Mr. Browning know," she asked, "that Wordsworth will devote a fortnight or more to the discovery of a single word that is the one fit for his sonnet?" The fatal result of this criticism was "Sordello," a poem of many thousand lines, written in shorthand. Before publishing this poem Browning sent it to Westland Marston, saying that this time at any rate the public should not accuse him of being unintelligible. Browning's system of composition as described by Rossetti was "to write down on a slate in prose what he wants to say, and then turn it into verse, striving after the greatest amount of condensation possible; thus if an exclamation will suggest his meaning, he substitutes this for a whole sentence." Hence was born that horror of great darkness, "Sordello," in which even the agility of a Boy Scout could scarcely track the thread of grammatical connection through the labyrinth of a long parenthesis, or successfully attach a relative to one of three possible antecedents, or find a central and definite meaning in the vague possibilities of a note of exclamation.

This seems a fitting place in which to make some remarks on the so-called obscurity of Browning. We must bear in mind his own words: "I never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominoes to an idle man." It is often the subtlety and swiftness of his thought which hide his meaning from less alert intelligence. Swinburne has a fine and true criticism to this effect: "If there is any great quality more perceptible than another in Mr. Browning's intellect it is his decisive and incisive faculty of thought, his sureness and intensity of perception, his rapid and trenchant resolution of aim. He is something too much the reverse of obscure; he is too brilliant and subtle for the ready reader of a ready writer to follow with any certainty the track of an intelligence which moves with such incessant rapidity. He never thinks but at full speed; and the rate of his thought is to that of another man's as the speed of a railway to that of a waggon, or the speed of a telegraph to that of a railway."

Again, we must remember that a writer who deals with high and hard subjects has a right to demand from his readers a close and determined attention, and to adopt the defence of Bishop Butler against a similar charge. "It must be acknowledged," says the Bishop, "that some of the following discourses are very abstruse and difficult, or, if you please, obscure; but I must take leave to add that those alone are judges whether or no and how far this is a fault, who are judges whether or no and how far it might have been avoided—those only who will be at the trouble to understand what is here said, and to see how far the things here insisted upon, and not other things, might have been put in a plainer manner." The Bishop, in the

same preface to his sermons, makes some very sensible remarks on persons "who take it for granted that they are acquainted with everything; and that no subject, if treated in the manner it should be, can be treated in any manner but what is familiar and easy to them." Still, while admitting the general truth and wisdom of these remarks of the Bishop and Mr. Swinburne, we cannot but agree that "Sordello" was the most brilliant compliment ever paid to the knowledge and understanding of the average man; and, we may add, a compliment as unappreciated as it was entirely undeserved. In "Sordello" we see a poetpre-occupied with an intense self-consciousness, who seeks an outlet for his own great powers in gaining influence over the people. His aim is not their benefit, but his own glory. He is drawn into the whirlpool of society at Mantua, and after various experiences of disillusion and degradation, he again seeks solitude to recover his higher self. But the intense need of self-expression drives him to seek in a political career suddenly offered him, means for giving scope to his abilities. Experience of the people and insight into their wrongs and sufferings inspire him at last with a longing to be their helper. At this crisis he is offered the command of the Imperial cause, which is opposed to that of the people with whom he has learned to sympathise. The supreme conquest of this supreme temptation is too much for his enfeebled physical powers, and he dies a victor over self and a servant of the people. The poem is full of impassioned pictures of the fierce life of the time. The number of small republics in Italy at the beginning of the thirteenth century encouraged an unbridled energy, a rampant individuality, a tangled confusion of thought and action and passion. Human interests were already asserting themselves against monastic ideals. Love and war and romance had found utterance in poetry during the last half of the twelfth century. Every instinct of the natural man was feeling for appropriate expression. Browning has caught the very spirit of the rich disorder of that tumultuous age, its boundless curiosity about life, its turbulent experiments, its glowing and intense individuality. The vigorous vehemence of the poet's own nature flung itself with headlong sympathy into the stir and dissonance of that wonderful time.

After "Sordello" came "Pippa Passes," in which the lonely mirth of a working-girl taking her walk on her one day of freedom unconsciously arrests the premeditated guilt of high-placed lives. The conception is original, and marks a new departure in literature by making the appearance of one figure the one link in otherwise disconnected dramas. There is, however, one glaring artistic mistake in the last act, when the singing of Pippa averts a disaster from her own life. It is the one touch of melodrama which mars the beauty of the whole work. The poet in that part drew his inspiration not from Delphi but the Adelphi.

The next year, 1842, saw the publication of "Dramatic Lyrics." We have the primitive vigour of the "Cavalier Tunes," the splendid lamentation over the lost leader, the unique and terrible poems of the "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," "The Laboratory," and "The Confessional," the magnificent production of "Saul," and the pathetic tenderness of "Evelyn Hope." In these dramatic lyrics Browning has passed beyond the youthful stage which illustrates universal aspirations, to the riper genius which depicts individual character. His love poems are richly realistic in their detailed insistence on those haunting memories that cling to garden-rakes, medicine bottles, window blinds, burnt cork, fashionable fur coats, pianos, and suburban streets. In 1843 appeared the "Return of the Druses," the first of those conscientious crusades in search of the secret residue of virtue latent in the most hardened criminals. His fanatic belief in the hidden divinity of human nature led him to publicly accuse acknowledged paragons of iniquity of secret longings after goodness.

On May 20, 1845, Browning first met his future wife.

the poetess Elizabeth Barrett Browning. This lady, owing to a riding accident in early girlhood, and the shock caused by her brother's sudden death at sea, was subjected to the intolerable tenderness of a despotically sentimental father, who kept her carefully on a couch in a closed room, and fed his heart on the luxurious prospect of her elegant decline. The doctors recommended Italy as her only chance. Her eminently original parent refused his consent. Browning, with a divinely deliberate deception fully justified by the issue, married her by stealth on September 12, 1846, and swept her off to Italy, and fifteen years of increasing health and perfect happiness terminated only by her death in 1861, June 29. The character of Browning never came out better than at this great crisis of his life. He had the high morality which could rise to necessary deception and the superbsanity which could allow an exceptional act to remain exceptional.

It has been pointed out with great truth that this critical and decisive act of the poet's life coloured most of the poetry written after his marriage. The doctrine of the great hour with its bracing demand upon the will appears in many poems written after the testing time had come to his own character. Browning had once found it necessary to deliberately deceive a father, to openly defy social conventions, and to make a hazardous experiment which could only be justified by success. His own character was revealed to himself in that great trial. It was this vital crisis of his own carreer that led him to emphasise as the supreme test of character the power of decisive choice in a time of stress. Even the moral character of a proposed aim is of secondary importance so long as the purpose is perseveringly held.

Half-heartedness is to Browning the one unpardonable sin. This is the central idea of "The Statue and the Bust," in which the lovers are kept from their desirence but by conscience but by cowardice.

Let a man contend to the uttermost For his life's set prize be it what it will.

The counter our lovers staked was lost
As surely as if it were lawful coin;
But the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a crime I say.

So in "Youth and Art," where a successful singer reproaches a successful sculptor with their mutual failure to understand each other in their youth and poverty.

Each life unfulfilled, you see;
It hangs still patchy and scrappy;
We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
Starved, feasted, despaired—been happy.

It is indecision that is intolerable.

In all Browning's greater characters vigour and intensity of will are prominent. Mark the stern rebuke of the Pope to the pseudo-parents of Pompilia:—

Never again elude the choice of tints.

White shall not neutralise the black, nor good
Compensate bad in man, absolve him so:
Life's business being just the terrible choice.

Pompilia herself at the first prompting of motherhood is found:—

Sublime in new impatience with the foe, I did for once see right, do right, give tongue The adequate protest: For a worm must turn If it would have its wrong observed by God.

We see the old Pope gather himself together to do God's will in God's name, though it be for the last time:—

I smite

With my whole strength once more, ere end my part, Ending as far as man may, this offence. It is the same intense energy which is seen in Guido's choice of evil:-

Nor is it in me to unhate my hates. I use up my last strength to strike once more Old Pietro in the wine-house-gossip-face, To trample under foot the whine and wile Of beast Violante—and I grow one gorge To loathingly reject Pompilia's pale Poison my hasty hunger took for food.

Self-assertion is the one thing needful. If a man has strength to try conclusions with the world, he will find in the end the moral nature of the universe too strong for him. In his most resolute sinning man finds himself subjected to the reign

Of other quite as real a nature that saw fit
To have its way with man, not man his way with it.
Poor pabulum for pride when the first love is found
Last also! and so far from realising gain,
Each step aside just proves divergency in vain.
The wanderer brings home no profit from his quest
Beyond the sad surmise that keeping home were best
Could life begin anew!

The mean hero of "Red Cotton Night-cap Country" is at length driven from his hesitating life into definite surrender to the sweetness of the flesh. Browning represents this as a real gain.

Thus by a rude in seeming, rightlier judged Beneficent surprise, publicity
Stopped further fear and trembling, and what tale Cowardice thinks a covert: one bold splash Into the mid-shame, and the shiver ends Though cramp and drowning may begin perhaps.

All the forces of the universe are leagued against the trimmer. If a man chooses evil, let him choose it heartily. He will find his mistake the sooner. Then comes the sad reflection:

However near I stand in His regard, So much the nearer had I stood by steps Offered the feet which rashly spurned their help. That I call Hell; why farther punishment?

The poet does not decisively reject the view that evil is self-destructive in its essence, and therefore persistence in its service involves annihilation of the servant. So, in "The Ring and the Book," the young priest Capousacchi describes Guido, perhaps with the exception of Jago, the most supremely evil character in literature, as slowly sinking to the chaos which is lower than created existence. He observes him:

Not to die so much as slide out of life,
Pushed by the general horror and common hate
Low, lower,—left o' the very ledge of things.
I seem to see him catch convulsively
One by one at all honest forms of life,
At reason, order, decency, and use,
To cramp him, and get foothold by at least.
And still they disengage them from his clutch,
And thus I see him slowly and surely edged
Off all the table-land, whence life upsprings
Aspiring to be near immortality.
Finally the priest loses sight of him
At the horizontal line, creation's verge,
From what just is to absolute nothingness.

But the deeper insight of the Pope refuses to give up hope for the great criminal. He trusts first that:

Through the suddenness of fate
The truth may be flashed out at one blow,
And Guido see one instant and be saved.
Else I avert my face, nor follow him
Into that sad obscure sequestered state
Where God unmakes but to remake the soul
He else made first in vain: which must not be.

Another feature of Browning's poetry is the place that is assigned to the principle of love. He sees in this virtue

the link between the human and Divine. It is of such excellence that the meanest thing possessed of it would be greater than God Himself did He lack it.

For the loving worm within its clod Were diviner than a loveless God Amid His worlds, I will dare to say.

All readers of Browning will remember the splendid passage in "Saul," in which David argues from the fulness of love in man's nature to the surpassing love of God.

Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich, To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing which, I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now! Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst Thou—so wilt Thou!

So shall crown Thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost

And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down One spot for the creature to stand in! It is by no breath, Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with death!

As Thy Love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being Beloved! He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak.

'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh that I

In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me, Thou shalt love and be loved by, for ever: a Hand like this hand

Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!

If the passion of the poet brooding on the pathetic helplessness of human love to save a ruined life, has never been kindled by the sudden fire of prophecy to more impassioned insight into the mystery hidden from the ages, there is a still deeper wonder and more sacred awe in those lines in which the story of the great Sacrifice accomplished penetrates through the incredulous intellect into the longing heart of a cultured Arabian physician. The deep desire to believe breaks out in his written comment to his friend Abib.

The Very God! Think Abib, dost thou think! So the All-Great were the All-Loving too, So through the thunder comes a human voice Saying: O heart I made, a Heart beats here. Face my hands fashioned, see it in Myself. Thou hast no power nor mayest conceive of mine But love I gave thee, with Myself to love, And thou must love Me Who have died for thee.

It is in such passages as these, which give expression to the deepest convictions of the poet about the deepest problems of life, that the secret of his growing influence seems especially to lie. His philosophy often seems to be He disparages too much the intellectual defective. faculty, confuses miscellaneous energy with moral strength, and apparently teaches that human love rises by inevitable development into the higher Love of God. There is never in his works the note of austerity, of possible renuncia-tion, of that deep difference in kind, which severs the spiritual from the natural affection. He has so emphasised the necessity of self-assertion that the equally necessary and harder duty of self-denial seems to have been overlooked. But while it is necessary to point out these grave defects in his philosophy, and the serious omission in his teaching of some of the higher aspects and fundamental conditions of the spirit's deeper life, it is a more grateful task to receive with appreciative reverence the large legacy of help and hope that he has left us. If his philosophy be defective, we must remember that the baffling contradictions of experience have never been reduced into clear and consistent harmony by any system of thought that has yet been framed. The long searching of man's restless intellect will never solve that age-long riddle of the painful earth. We must remember also that we live by our deepest convictions, and not by our necessarily

inadequate theories about them. And our age at least owes an almost incalculable debt to Browning, because, with a mind stored with the complex culture of the nine-teenth century, he has from the first proclaimed in ringing tones the unshaken truth of those primary convictions which have been the strength and stay of life in every age. "He at least believed in soul, was very sure of God." And it is this union in him of unequalled culture with uncompromising faith that has made his life and writings such a power for peace amidst the stormy uncertainties of our restless years.

Through such sculs alone God stooping shows sufficient of His light For us in the dark to rise by.

The bracing inspiration of his poetry dispels the chilling mists of despondency and doubt that hang at times about our lesser lives, and many discouraged wayfarers gain renewal of strength and hope from the marching music of his high confidence.

Life's long journey ended, thou Hast o'ertopped the mountain's brow, While we wayworn travellers press Upward still in weariness.

But the weariness is lessened, and the way lightened, by the greatest gift that he has left us, the example of

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would

triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

JANE AUSTEN: REALIST

THERE is much talk in our day of the state of realism, of fidelity to nature, to which we are supposed to have brought the arts. For all our boast, the gift of presenting a faithful picture of life, in any medium, is now so rare as almost to be unknown; and besides this, we neither admire nor demand truth at all. The phrase, "the insanity of genius," applies to almost every mind the output of which has survived the rust of time's corroding breath, for even great scientists have not been without the touch of unreality in the wild imaginings which have been able to picture to us laws and evolutions as yet unproven by any test of reason; while those who attempt to depict human life, in poetry, prose, paint, marble, what medium you will, must be prone, inevitably, to this insanity of outlook. Yet we profess to admire, and even to expect, a true picture of things as they are. The greater the mental distortion, the greater do we acclaim the artist as a realist, and no further than Dickens need we go for a full illustration of this truth. Passion with complete sanity does not exist; and genius without passion is almost as impossible; though the genius of Jane Austen, supreme and unquestioned, does exist and prove the rule. After a course of modern "realistic" literature, with its glaring and absurd falsities, the study of such a work as "Mansfield Park" or "Pride and Prejudice" comes like a draught of water in a thirsty land. You will find no views to cause a spasm of emotion. land. You will find no views to cause a spasm of emotion. The deeps, the sorrows, and the joys of life are presented, but we see them as we see them in real life, rather clearly, and quite perceiving both sides of the question. Her voice is the voice we hear every day; her people are the people we all know; her opinions are the opinions of the average person of our time, and very possibly of all time. What other novelist has dared to show love as a foolish and even ridiculous sentiment when opposed to the advantages of a suitable union? Whenever a youth or maiden loved unreasonably and with no prospect of a comfortable establishment, Jane Austen brought down the judgment of her class and day-and who shall say it is not

the judgment of every class and every day?—upon an unsuitable match. Her heroines are charmingly well-bred, with wit and spirit, and yet incapable of the vulgar follies of the modern heroine when she is in love. These admirable young ladies (there is no other word for them) are all distinguished for their prudence in the bestowal of their hearts and an even greater and more remarkable prudence in the bestowal of their hands. Is this true to life as we all know it? Do the most wise, true, and steady men and women make run-away matches, set convention at defiance, risk the happiness of their own and other lives for a whim of passion? And are such matches found to decline into the steady connubial happiness of calm, reasonable people we are likely to meet in everyday life? We cannot complain that she is not true to life. Rather is Jane Austen too true, for perhaps what we ask of a writer, as of a painter or musician, is something unreal, some glamour which never exists in a world where people who elope must either go and pack up, deciding what trunks to take and what clothes they will want, or go with no luggage and be turned away from hotels. We want, perhaps, "the light which never was on sea or land," for which we, in the white glare of everyday, sigh unceasingly.

Such magic light, or the dream that it exists somewhere, for someone else, is the spirit of romance, which is, certainly, utterly and completely lacking in the works of Jane Austen, great and immortal genius though she be. Is she right? Is it not possible that romance may be a defect in the eyesight of the beholder, as a landscape may reveal to a keen eye all manner of prosaic details of slate roofs and telegraph poles, but the haze before a short-sighted person tinges all with golden glory? The essence of art is short-sighted haze, and the first thing an artist asks of his critic is to understand his point of view and judge him by it. It is the haze that is absolutely lacking in the works of Jane Austen. Had she taken the pen of Scott, what would she have made of the glamour of the Middle Ages, where, indeed, no glamour existed at all, and the morality, personal cleanliness, language, and sanitation were at a very low ebb, if not non-existent? If she could have stepped out of her own class or circlea thing inconceivable-what would this realist have made of the materials into which Dickens wrought his sympathies and prejudices? The answer to this question lies perhaps in the amazing, pitiless photography of Jane Austen's picture of the Price home and family at Portsmouth in the closing chapters of "Mansfield Park." For sheer realism there is nothing like it anywhere in all Dickens's pictures of lower-middle-class squalor. Suppose, too, that Jane Austen had touched the themes of Thackeray? Of Trollope? Of any of our later writers of fiction? What a cold, white light of witty insight we should have instead of the glow of distorted romance! Yet, in this, would the calm, clear-sighted little spinster be less true to life in her pictures? Alas for life! Jane Austen would have seen where the others but dreamed.

There is lacking in her work the love of Nature, which goes hand in hand with romance. It was not overlooked by her, it simply was unknown, as it is to the greater part of humanity. No truer word was ever said than Calvert's when he cried:—

"An idle poet, here and there,
Looks round him; but, for all the rest
The world, unfathomably fair,
Is duller than a witling's jest."

In our day the love of and admiration for nature has become a fashion and a stamp of culture, but as soon as you get away from such fashion and a certain culture you will find that it is as unnatural to human beings to admire the world they live in as to long for plain living and hard work—also a fashion and a pose of a stage of culture. When Jane Austen mentions a landscape, such as the estate of Darcy, the country about Barton Cottage,

the grounds of Rushwood's great place, and so on, it is only with the object of impressing upon us the income and pretensions of the owner or the inconvenience of the situation. Just so, if you listen attentively, will you find most people sum up and describe a neighbourhood, and you will find that no one in his senses wants to live in the most enchanting spot if it be damp or the soil unsuitable for their purposes. Now and then some very unconventional or Bohemian person will live in an unhealthy lovely spot, or inhabit a tumble-down house which he cannot put in repair; but what is the verdict of the world? We impute, as would Jane Austen, ulterior and fundamental motives of economy, and never for an instant imagine that anyone completely sane would live in such a place if he were not obliged to.

In all her works one sees the writer herself, the very average woman of ordinary life, the prudent, neat woman, affectionate, unselfish, industrious, self-controlled, witty, kind-hearted. She sits in her neat, cool parlour, while outside are the glories of the sunset, or birds singing in an orchard, sorrow, ecstasy, hearts dead and hearts affame—or hearts which think they suffer these emotions. But here, in the cool, orderly room, we know that such expressions are exaggerations of emotions common to ourselves and all mankind, and the result, very probably, of an hysterical mind or disordered constitution. What does Jane Austen think of madness and raptures? Just exactly what the average person thinks of them now and for ever as soon as they come into real life. Her half-crazed, love-sick Marianne wanders out alone to dream of her lover-he being an unsuitable and profligate young man—and she takes cold, a "putrid fever," from getting her shoes wet! Jane Fairfax, who loves secretly against prudence and authority, is held up as the deceitful and slightly improper young woman we should think her if she were a member of our own family. Other novelists, and especially in our day, take great pains to show us passionate pictures of the raptures of an illicit union which in real life we should call vulgar and disgusting in our circle of acquaintances, and in our own family a hideous disgrace. The people who bolt and make fools of themselves in Jane Austen's works are true to life in being flirts, feather-heads, conceited or scheming egotists. What description was ever more perfect than the elopement of Robert Ferrars and Lucy Steel? Or the flight of Maria Rushworth and Charles Crawford? The view, the verdict, are without glamour, pitiless, exactly reproductions of the views and verdicts you may hear whenever you come across such scandals in real life. And the broken hearts and bruised pride of the poor folk who are left behind to bear the brunt of shame and misery? In the so-called realistic novel touching upon such subjects the protagonists are a sort of magic orchid, growing in the social atmosphere with no visible roots, means of support, or origin. To this rarely sane mind which saw life as a whole, as we all know it, such an unnatural hypothesis was unthinkable. The characters in her stories do not evolve from their inner consciousness, as do the impossible "character studies" which are the delight of the modern romancer and the modern reader. Nor do they merely inherit qualities, like so many plants, as is the custom with other types of modern fiction. They are shown as parts of a human whole, as being moulded and influenced by other people; and those others, inevitably, as moulded and influenced by them. Seeing this, or being made by her genius to see it, as we do in real life, we do not find it easy to wholly admire, praise, blame, or envy. We burn with no fiery partisanship. Who in the world, whose judgment is well balanced, views real life in any other way? this one great, rare, and almost unique example of realis n before us, what an advantage to be able to turn to her pages whenever we hear or would venture an opinion what passes currently for realism! Alas! how many will so turn? Few, if any; for Jane Austen must remain the admiration of all, but the delight and refreshment

of the very few who demand no melodrama, or, perhaps, think it non-existent in the cold air of absolute truth. We crave for fairy tales, and turn to those great exponents of the unreal, almost the unhealthy, outlook, the burning fever of the heart, the glowing brain of the abnormal. And yet, perhaps, Jane Austen has filled the niche that was waiting for the genius of the sane, the absolutely normal.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Proceedings at the meeting held on December 14, 1909.

The Secretary read a report on the additions that had been made to the Society's Menagerie during the month of November, 1909.

Mrs. R. Haig Thomas, F.Z.S., exhibited seven skins of hybrid pheasants, and remarked on the evidence they seemed to afford of the transmission of female characters by the male.

Mr. D. Seth-Smith, F.Z.S., the Society's Curator of Birds, exhibited a photograph of a nest built by a pair of tufted umbres (Scopus umbretta) in the great flying aviary at the gardens. The nest is composed of sticks, cemented together with mud, and measures about four feet in diameter and three feet in height. The interior consists of a single chamber nearly two feet in diameter, with an entrance-hole five inches wide. No eggs have been laid by these birds, although they have frequently rejected.

Dr. H. B. Fantham, F.Z.S., Protozoologist to the Grouse Commission, exhibited microscopic preparations and sketches illustrating the life-cycle of the Sporozoon Eimeria tenellum (Coccidium avium), parasitic in the alimentary canal of grouse. The parasite produces a fatal coccidiosis in grouse chicks, especially during the first month or six weeks of their life. Schizogony and sporegony occur in both the duodenum and the cæcum of the host. The cæca of grouse chicks dying from coccidiosis are full of spores (oöcysts), which are passed out with the execal droppings, forming a source of infection on the moors. On the ingestion of the spores by other grouse, the sporozoites are liberated by the action of the pancreatic juice. Larvæ of Scatophaga, found in grousedroppings, swallow the coccidian spores, voiding them uninjured, and so aiding in the dissemination of the spores in nature. The coccidiosis of grouse is transmissible directly to young fowls and young pigeons by feeding these birds on fæces of infected grouse.

Dr. C. W. Andrews, F.R.S., F.Z.S., exhibited and made remarks upon a photograph showing some robber-crabs (Birgus latro) climbing the trunk of the Christmas Island sago-palm (Arenga listeri). He also made some observations on the habits and food of these crustaceans.

Dr. R. T. Leiper, F.Z.S., exhibited the original specimens of the nematode worm Acanthocheilonema dracunculoides Cobb., from the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. The characters of the genus, of which this is the type, are found to have been inaccurately interpreted, the posterior end of the worm having been described as the head and the cuticular caudal appendages regarded as "lips."

Dr. F. D. Welch, F.Z.S., read two papers entitled;
(a) "On Change of Colour in a Specimen of Mellivora ratel living in the Society's Gardens," and (b) "A comparative Examination of three living Specimens of Felistigris sondaica, with Notes on an old Javan male."

Mr. G. A. Boulenger, F.R.S., V.P.Z.S., communicated a paper by Dr. W. E. Agar, M.A., on "The Nesting-

Habits of the Tree-Frog, Phyllomedusa sauvagii." This frog makes a nest suspended from bushes overhanging a pool, into which the tadpoles drop when they are hatched. The nest is constructed from a number of leaves, the lower ends of which are drawn together and held so by a deposit of empty gelatinous egg-capsules, forming together a thick jelly. After oviposition the nest is closed with a similar mass of empty capsules, so that in a well made nest not a single egg is exposed to the light and air.

Miss Ruth M. Harrison and Miss Margaret Poole jointly presented two papers, communicated by Prof. G. C. Bourne, D.Sc., F.Z.S., on Madreporaria collected by Jas. J. Simpson, M.A., B.Sc., and R. N. Rudmose-Brown, B.Sc., University of Aberdeen, from the Mergui Archipelago, Lower Burma, and from the Kerimba Archipelago, Portuguese East Africa.

Mr. F. E. Beddard, M.A., F.R.S., F.Z.S., Prosector to the Society, presented two papers entitled: (a) "Some Notes upon Boa occidentalis and Boa (Pelophilus) madagascariensis"; (b) "Notes upon the Anatomy of Monkeys of the Genus Pithecia."

Mr. G. A. Boulenger, F.R.S., V.P.Z.S., read a paper "On the Ophidian Genus *Grayia*," in which he contributed to the revision of the genus made necessary by an increased knowledge of African snakes.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I feel indebted to you that the publicity you gave to a humble expostulation of mine has called into the field so weighty a critic as Mr. Wake Cook. My contention that the cheap-jack wares of sundry wayward aliens [Beerbohm, Mancini, Pizarro, etc., are such English names] should not be allowed to pass for new English art, ought, I felt, to have been made by somebody else, or by many bodies else, years ago. But London is stolid and indifferent, and relishes a good old loke long after the sayour of it has ceased to conceal the joke long after the savour of it has ceased to conceal the decaying odours of its antiquity.

I did not intend to write to you again, but when in the only reply to Mr. Cook I see that the "New Englishers" seek to screen themselves behind the hallowed name of Barbazon, I feel a considerable rise of temperature in my blood.

What on earth have they to do with Barbazon—the truest exponent of the magic of English Art since Turner? To their credit, be it allowed, they exhibited him; but there all other connection ceases.

That Mr. Rothenstein's interiors (ancestors came over with Hengist and Horsa), tenanted by denizens of forbidding Hebraic features; should represent the positive C Major key of New England's rapture in the external world is laughable enough. But when professional Tonkses and Johnses bring their clumsy mechanic thumbs to bear (have they any fingers?) on the human nude, translating the same on lines derived from the proportions of the giraffe and hippopotamus, one is apt to murmur under one's breath, "O Etty!" or even, "O Leighton!" Ask these persons to draw Miss Gertie Millar, or one of the Misses Dare, or our sweet darling Miss Ellaline Terriss. Now, even a Walter Sickert cannot deny these ladies possess the Misses Dare, or our sweet darling Miss Ellaline Terriss. Now, even a Walter Sickert cannot deny these ladies possess an obvious attraction due to their personal beauty. Could a Tonks or a John portray it? He would excuse himself rudely enough on the grounds that Art is not an appeal to sex appreciation. I have heard worse terms used by them when asked to paint a pretty face, borrowed from the "Revelations," to the effect that Art is not "something mongery"—but ask them to do it. They positively cannot.

Or should they attempt to do so—may I be there to see the result, and the ladies also. It is melancholy, but on a second visit to the N.E.A.C. I cannot but think that the fact that insignificant scribbles of nameless trees surrounded with huge pretentious mounts, and etchings and water-colour sketches, drawn from photographs and crudely washed over with ineffective dabs of colour, should be hailed as the latest thing in England's Art production, must be making our age ridiculous, and is beginning to constitute a nuisance in the mephitic stench of which the English genius, the world's best genius par excellence, is being slowly asphyxiated.

Dunstan Lerome.

BROWNING AND SWINBURNE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sib,—In reply to Miss Bloch's letter, let me simply say that she is under a complete misapprehension when she supposes that I mean to "attack" Swinburne or any other poet. The initial sentence of my previous letter was directed against critics who depreciate other writers in order to exalt their own favourites, depreciate other writers in order to exact their own involution, and I was not likely to commit the very error that I was denouncing. I am happy, however, to have been instrumental in eliciting her copious and fervid eulogium on Swinburne, with most of which I have the pleasure to find myself entirely in agreement.

T. S. O.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

- Justice Wanted! Modern Thoughts on Social Problems.
 Chapter XIII., Taxation. Edited by O. O. Swan Sonnenschein. 1s. net.
 The Home Coming. An Idyll. By Caroline A. Eccles. Swan Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.
 The Awakening of Spring. A Tragedy of Childhood. By Frank Wedekind. Brown Bros., Philadelphia. \$1.25 net.
 Our Lady of the Sunshine. Edited by the Countess of Aberdeen.
 Constable. 1s. net.
 Open-Air at Home. Sanatorium Treatment Continued. By Stanley H. Bates. John Wright, Bristol. 2s. 6d. net.
 Mathiesons' Handbook for Investors for 1910. Mathieson. 2s. 6d. net.

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 Mining: Highest and Lowest Prices, Dividends, &c., for past Six Years. Mid-December, 1909. Mathieson. 1s.

 Warriors of Old Japan and Other Stories. By Yei Theodora Ozaki. Constable. 5s. net.

 The Promised Land. A Drama of a People's Deliverance, in Five Acts. By Edward Carpenter. Swan Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d. net.
- Plays, Acting, and Music. A Book of Theory. By Arthur Symons. Constable. 6s. net. Travels in Spain. By Philip Sanford Marden. Constable.

FICTION

- Garryowen. The Romance of a Racehorse. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

 Black Sheep. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. T. Werner Laurie. 6s.

 Master John. By Shan F. Bullock. T. Werner Laurie. 6s.

 The Uncounted Cost. By Mary Gaunt. T. Werner Laurie. 6s.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, & MEMOIRS

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- The Autobiography. A Critical and Comparative Study. By
 Anna Robeson Burr. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

 A German Pompadour. Being the Extraordinary History of
 Wilhelmine Von Grävenitz. By Marie Hay. Constable.

EDUCATIONAL

- Geographical Pictures. (From Photographs.) Series XI., Lakes.
 Packets 1 and 2. Adam and Charles Black. 6d. each.
 The Scholar's Book of Travel. Part I.—The British Isles.
 Part II.—Europe. Philip and Son. 1s. 3d. each.
 The Child's World in Pictures. By C. Von Wyss. Adam and
- Charles Black. 1s. 6d.

VERSE

- Home Once More and Other First Poems. By H. V. Storey-Shelley Book Agency. 2s. net.

 Poems. By Eva M. Martin. The Cedar Press. 2s. 6d. net.

 War Songs of Britain. Selected by Harold E. Butler. Constable.
- The Soul's Inheritance and Other Poems. By George Cabot Lodge. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.00.

PERIODICALS

Thrush; The Fortnightly Review; Blackwood's Magazine; The Scottish Historical Review; The Antiquary; Harper's Magazine; The Art Journal; The Connoisseur; Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society; The Indian Review; The School World; The Empire Review; The Century Illustrated Magazine; The University Correspondent; Revue Bleue; Deutsche Rundschau; United Empire; The Popular Magazine; One and All Gardening, 1910; Monthly Musical Revord; The Author; Mercure de France; The Dickensian; The English Review. English Review.

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